

THE DAILY NEWS.

By F. M. HALE, PRINTER TO THE STATE.
L. L. POLK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

RALEIGH, N. C.

TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1880.

BREAKING OUR BONDS.

The mind shrinks from the contemplation of the misery, desolation and degradation which would be presented in the Eastern counties of North Carolina to-day if the Convention of 1875 had never met. That it did meet, and that under its benign action good government has been restored to the tax-paying East and prosperity to every section of the State, is in a large measure due to Governor JAYNE. He was called into the public service at the outset of that period in our history so full of uncertainty, distress, sad foreboding and painful experience, the first ten years after the War between the States; ten years that were in many respects worse than war. War, indeed, had threatened our government and institutions; but the years after the War witnessed for while the overthrow of law and civil society. Those years were years of the greatest trial to our people in the civil history of our State, and called into active service the highest qualities of our public men. Throughout all those years of often-disheartening and always disagreeable contest; from the rise of Radicalism under the CANBY Constitution, to its culmination under the reconstruction acts in the Constitution of 1868; and from 1868 to 1875, while the forces of Democracy were gathering for the struggle which resulted in the Convention of that year, he was a leader of leaders, and the faithful servant of the people. He bound them to him with strong cords by his successful war upon the plunderers who bankrupted the State's credit by the Special Tax Bonds of 1868, and wasted the people's substance by the special taxes collected in 1869. The Convention of 1875 and consequent restoration of freedom to a despairing people made the bonds between him and them as hooks of steel.

As the action of the Convention of 1875 is to be made an issue in the canvass, it is worth while to recall what led to it, as the other day it was necessary to recur to the history of the Special Tax Legislation. Four years is a long period: many forget in four days. Four years of prosperity, in which the masses of our people have become better off in this world's goods than ever they were before, incline all to forget the sufferings of the past, and some forget even the men to whom they owe relief from oppression and freedom to prosper.

The reconstruction measures fall with the most fatal effect upon the Eastern part of the State on account of its great negro population. The effect was well described in the phrase then in the mouths of the negroes in that section: "The bottom rail is now on top." Intelligence, knowledge, virtue, business capacity, were everywhere thrust aside, and ignorance, stupidity, venality substituted in their stead. The county governments were in the hands of the negroes, taxation for county purposes was imposed without limit, and when any work was done for the county it was paid for at three or four prices to reward partisans and favorites. The office of magistrate was filled by scoundrels and negroes who knew no law, and could not read it if the book was laid before them. Under such circumstances justice came to be worse than a mockery; men gave up their rights rather than go into those minor courts where brutal ignorance and manners of which a brute would be ashamed were installed in authority. The consciousness that they held the power in these local courts and at the polls affected most unfavorably the conduct of the negroes towards the whites; the negroes took pleasure in exhibiting towards white people a demeanor insolent, defiant and aggressive. All this was hard to be borne, but the malice then uppermost in the breasts of the negro and his scallawag associates found vent in a way that put the climax on outrage. The poor white people, in counties where such men were County Commissioners, were sold by Dutch auction to negro masters. Thus, in the plunder of property, in the insecurity of personal rights, in the exposure to insult and outrage, civil society was turned into a scheme of robbery, oppression and degradation. In this condition of things life was simply intolerable; if it had to continue, death was to be preferred. And yet for this state of things no remedy could be had except by a change in the constitution, and that could be accomplished fully only by a Convention.

All admitted this, but some of our best and most trusted leaders objected to the risk. The call of a Convention was regarded by many who felt the need of one as a hazardous measure, and a clear, strong mind and firm will—firm by nature, or made so by the discipline of life—were needed to measure the hazard accurately. Governor JAYNE had no doubts. He had been accustomed from childhood to combat with difficulties and combat successfully; he had been trained to look ahead, to measure and weigh obstacles, and when the end justified to encounter them with dauntless heart. By force of circumstances his disposition had been moulded into a well-tempered combination of foresight, boldness and caution. His varied experience of life, his vast acquaintance

with men of every condition, made him one of the best masters of public sentiment in the State. He knew the need; he measured the hazard; he struck boldly for the Convention; and in spite of the disadvantages of a household divided on the question of policy, he won. The Convention was called, the East was relieved, and the whole State made free to prosper.

THE NEW SOUTH is certainly "solid" in one respect, and that is in its earnest purpose to organize prosperity and resume industry upon a wholesome basis. Planters and farmers are not only getting out of debt, but the people generally are making themselves independent by developing their mineral resources and promoting all sorts of manufactures, from cotton fabrics to nails, from flour to furniture. The South probably spends \$50,000,000 a year less for Northern corn and bacon than it did twenty years ago, and so in regard to many other things. Last year the cotton crop brought \$250,000,000 good money into the South, and this has not all been spent in paying back debts. A good deal of it will go to increase capital and industries now growing up. This year it is expected that the return from the great staple crop will be still larger, and in the meanwhile, as the Atlanta Constitution says, with commendable complacency, "our industries are springing up in strength and usefulness, our mineral resources are being developed, and our railroad facilities for transporting and exchanging commodities, West and North, are growing finer every day."

THE SUPREME COURT filed nine opinions yesterday, digests of which, of course, appear in THE NEWS this morning. These digests are put on the fourth page and to it we refer those who are fond of legal literature.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]
NEW YORK, July 17, 1880.

EDITOR NEWS: I have been favored with calls from Hon. R. R. Bridges, Hon. A. M. Waddell and Maj. Chas. M. Stedman, all of Wilmington, who cheer me, as one of "the dispersed abroad," with information from home, revive recollections of many who are or were dear to me, and help to preserve bright the links of the chain that binds me to the good old State and her good people, especially the older ones whom I knew. Col. Bridges is of course on railroad business; Col. Waddell is pressed into service as a speaker—and a most popular and acceptable one—before Hancock and English meetings, in these parts; and in Vermont; and Maj. Stedman has been performing the pleasant duty imposed upon him by the National Convention, as one of the committee of thirty-nine, to wait on Gen. Hancock and notify him officially of his nomination. It has been an occasion of rare interest and enjoyment to them, as the papers have fully advised you. Maj. Stedman's account of the after call upon Mr. Tilden and his feeble physical condition, shows how foolish and criminal it would have been in the Convention to put him forward as a candidate. It is evident that he could not have undergone the labor of a canvass, must less of four years' duty as President. And it was the knowledge of this, no doubt, that moved the New York delegation promptly to accept his letter withdrawing his name as a candidate. Otherwise a vast majority of the party would have desired to make amends, through himself, for the fraud by which he and they were cheated out of their rights four years ago.

I was yesterday tempted to snatch a few hours from business, by a call from Rev. Dr. Phillips, who was on his way to Rockaway beach. I joined him, not only for the sake of the invigorating sea breeze, but that I might enjoy his company, which no one can do without pleasure and profit. Starting at 2:30 p. m. on a huge passenger boat with many hundreds of passengers, the route was down the beautiful bay, passing Governor's Island, Staten Island, the Narrows, with the three forts there located—one of them Lafayette, where so many Confederate and State prisoners were confined—and Coney Island, with its scores of hotels, we reached Rockaway in about two hours, the pure sea air in the mean time having induced us to indulge in a lunch with lager on the boat. And this was another breaking through with my habit of eating nothing between 8 o'clock breakfast and 6 o'clock dinner, and drinking nothing at any hour. I was not prepared for the scene which presented itself at Rockaway; not the old Rockaway some mile or so further, but the great "Rockaway Beach Hotel," now nearly finished, the largest, best appointed and most conveniently located seaside hotel in the world. It is erected by the Rockaway Beach Improvement Company at a cost of more than \$1,500,000, and is situated on the south shore of Long Island, thirteen miles distant from the City Hall, New York. The building has a frontage of 1180 feet on the Atlantic Ocean, and an equal frontage on Jamaica Bay, with continuous piazzas on three sides, 70 feet wide, and 1700 feet long. Two hundred rooms, the halls, parlors, and all the public portions of the building, are heated by steam; two hundred rooms have fireplaces; two hundred and fifty rooms have private baths; six hundred rooms are supplied with running water, all the rooms connect, and each has a closet for clothing. Fourteen of the stairways are enclosed in fireproof masonry, and four elevators run to a pavilion observatory (200 feet square) on top of the hotel, affording an unobstructed view of ocean and bay. The arrangements are ample for 1,500 permanent guests on the American plan, and for 6,000 on the European, with entirely separate and distinct organizations for each. The drainage system is such that all sewage and refuse matter is discharged through iron pipes a distance of four miles from the hotel. Those who have been subjected to the malarial influences incident to depositing such matter in the sand, can appreciate the care exercised at Rockaway. The water, which is perfectly pure, and the gas supply furnished from the company's

own works, are sufficient for a city of 50,000 inhabitants. Adjacent to the hotel will be 2,500 single and 800 family bath houses, each supplied with gas and running fresh water. The facilities for reaching the hotel from New York and neighboring cities are ample, both by railroad and steamboats.

Whether or not Dr. Tanner will accomplish his forty days' fast, there is good reason to believe that others have done so. It is well vouched for that Calvin Morgan, of Poynton, Connecticut, while under strong religious excitement, did fast forty days in 1839-40. He is still living, eighty years of age. My friend, Capt. M. V. Moore, of Lenoir, N. C., tells me that a man in Watanga county fasted thirty-eight days, but died then. Capt. Moore knew the man. His name was Harman. Shall we have fasting matches next, instead of walking matches? The fools are not all dead.

The most singular settlement of a will case that I remember to have heard of, has occurred in Boston. Perkins made two wills, and his wives made each, giving something to the others, until things got so mixed that neither judges nor lawyers nor jurors could make head or tail of them; and so the lawyers made an arbitrary disposition of the property, setting aside Perkins's will altogether. The lawyers are praised for this, it being stated that they thus put an end to the litigation and to their own fees. It should be said, however, to their credit, that this was done after the large estates had been very materially reduced.

The tender mercies of white men in the Northwestern States towards the negroes was manifested at East Atchison, in Missouri, a suburb of Atchison, in Kansas, on Wednesday. Quite a number of negro men who had obtained employment as laborers in brick yards, drivers, porters, &c., were driven across the river by a mob of whites. I suppose they were some of the deluded "exodusters," who, getting nothing to do in Kansas, had crossed the river to find work. The poor people who have been swindled by designing politicians, will rue the day that they ever left "the old plantations." By-the-way, the exodus appears to have played out. Have the negroes become wiser by the accounts received from those who went away? H.

Raleigh District Conference.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]
CLAYTON, July 17, 1880.

EDITOR NEWS:—Almost this entire session was devoted to educational interests of the Church. Resolutions endorsing the Louisville Female College, Prof. Will C. Doub, President, were offered and approved. Resolutions endorsing Trinity were read and adopted.

Resolutions of thanks to the citizens of Clayton and vicinity for their kind and liberal entertainment to the Conference, and also to the railroads for reduced fares to ministers, delegates and visitors to the Conference, were read and adopted. A most impressive and touching scene occurred after the business of the Conference was over. The following resolutions were read by the secretary: "WHEREAS, According to the organic law of the Church, this year closes the term of the Raleigh District of our beloved presiding elder, Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, a term of faithful and successful labor, endeavoring him not only to the ministers of his charge, but also to the entire church in our midst.

Resolved, That we as a District Conference would express our appreciation of his untiring and efficient labors among us, recognizing the fact that under his earnest and apostolic preaching as well as his wisdom in counsel and administration the Church on this district has been greatly blessed.

That it is with sincere regret and sorrow that with the closing of the year we can no longer have his oversight and labors on our district, and would express our warm affection for him, and earnestly pray that the blessings of the great Head of the Church may follow him wherever in the providence of God he may be called to labor in the future."

[Signed] L. J. HOLDEN,
P. L. HERMAN.

The resolutions were adopted by a rising vote of the whole Conference, and immediately upon their adoption, Rev. W. H. Moon came forward and said: "Dr. Wilson, your brethren of the Raleigh District desire to present you a small yet substantial token of their regard for you as a man, and their high appreciation of you as a Christian minister. They have devolved on me the pleasant duty of presenting to you. Our affection for you cannot be measured by the amount we give. It is the offering of loving hearts, and we hope you will accept and derive as much pleasure from its acceptance as we have had in contributing it for your enjoyment."

"The resolutions just adopted recite our sorrow at the prospective parting soon to take place, and this purpose is intended to give additional emphasis to the resolutions we have passed. May the head of the church preserve your useful life and give you the true riches of eternal life in the world to come."

Dr. Wilson accepted the token in a short speech that moved the church to tears. The town of Cary was selected in which to hold the next District Conference. Rev. L. J. Holden was announced to preach to-night, Rev. W. S. Black of Raleigh filled the pulpit at 11 o'clock. The business of the Conference being over, a motion for adjournment was made which was carried, and after singing the Doxology, the benediction was pronounced by the President and the District Conference was adjourned.

JOHNSTON COMMISSIONERS.

The names of Eli Turlington, Elevation Township; Wyatt Eap, O'Neil's Township; John R. Creech, Smithfield Township; D. W. Adams, Ingram's Township; and W. H. Joyner, Boone Hill Township, are prominently spoken of by commissioners of Johnston county.

These are men of integrity, large property-owners, well-known business capacity, and would add much to the general welfare of the county.

An Ithaca little girl, attempting to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that thing that picks up with its nose."

By the Sea.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]
MORRISHEAD CITY HOTEL, July 18.

EDITOR NEWS:—Since the arrival of Saturday's "News," I begin to think the position of its correspondent, just now, about as enviable as that of the proprietor of the hotel was when besieged for rooms. Every body that has any fault to find privately interviews me, and suggests that such a defect be noticed, such a grievance recorded, such an omission mentioned, until I am almost ready to exclaim:

"I AM NOT A CUSSING PARROT." do, please do, your own fault finding." All however unite in applauding my mention of the want of "cussing corners," and a grand "cussing field" like the old bridge at Bouafort, and at least twenty-five young gentlemen have made suggestions as to appropriate nooks, and I am sure, were they all carried out, this would be the most charming summer resort in the United States. The parlor is worse than a tank—it is a blunder—and the stockholders ought, before next season, to do as they have done at Old Point; knock down the partition between half-a-dozen bed rooms, and turn the space into a parlor off the ball room opposite to the lower end of the dining room. It need not be so large, as the dining room, but should face the ocean, have a gallery in front, and open from the ball-room. Were this done the ceiling on the lower floor would be high enough for singing, the room easy of access, and a pleasant meeting place for those ladies who don't care to dance, but yet would like to show their toilets where they could be seen to advantage.

THE DINING ROOM is large, and well appointed with everything except waiters. The proprietor says he has enough for his regular guests but not enough for an excursion. Three or four tables are not used, and guests grumble a little at being put out of their regular seats by a rush of excursionists. They say, with truth, that if excursionists are taken in they should not be allowed to swamp the regulars. But neither should the waves of the Atlantic be allowed to break over a hotel, as they did last summer, and excursionists are as unmanageable as angry waves; and when bent on coming in, as resistless.

The insurance agent on duty reports the kitchen too small, and badly contrived for feeding such a number. I shall not express an opinion as to this, for when I tried to get into it, Mr. Hall, the chief of the dining-room, bribed me not to do so, and as

I SWALLOWED HIS BRIBE, I shan't betray him. He thinks before next season the soulless corporation will suffer so much in the stomach that they will make better arrangements. There is great complaint about the scarcity of sea food, fresh fish, oysters, clams and crabs, which defect could easily be remedied if the stockholders would build fish houses in which fish could be kept alive till wanted for the table. A fish kept on ice is not the same *bonne bouche* as one fresh from the water. And fish, like women, are sometimes capricious, and refuse to be caught just when desired. If the proprietor could engage boats to fish regularly for him, and take all that is brought in, keeping them alive till needed, there would be a supply always on hand, and people who come to eat fish would not have to take salt ones in place of fresh.

Another great want is a steam laundry for promptly washing and drying not only the linen of the house, but the clothes of the guests, as there is a general cry among the mothers for laundresses. Just here I am interviewed by three or four young ladies, whose names I shall keep a profound secret, who beg me to say the ball-room is badly lighted, and well-appointed toilets lost for want of gas-burners on the pillars around it. The centre burner is large enough, but too high to light the whole room as it ought to be.

THE GERMAN last night for the first time, led by Mr. Borden, of Goldsboro, and Miss Raine; among the couples I noticed Miss Eleanor Haywood, of Raleigh, with Mr. George Strong, and Miss Julia Griffin, of New York, with Mr. Manning, Miss Sallie Arrington and Mr. Castey, of Goldsboro, and Mr. Dewey with Miss Cherry, of Greenville. But all the ball-room belles are eclipsed by

"LITTLE MISS PRIMROSE," not of the Franklin Square Library, but a smiling little maiden of three months old, the daughter of Mr. Wm. S. Primrose, of Raleigh, who, like Dot's baby in the "Cricket on the Hearth," is handed around on the gallery, "like something to drink," and allows her dewy lips to be sipped by all comers with the same unconscious sweetness. She is certainly the best, and the prettiest, little dandel of her age that ever brightened a hotel; her hair is something wonderful in its soft silky profusion, and her eyes—black as night—seem never to know a tear. She "receives" every morning in her bath tub, and is surrounded by a crowd of baby worshippers, who do not, however, burn tobacco at her shrine, as some of the young gentlemen here do before their goddesses. No place is sacred from cigar smoke, to the great annoyance of some ladies who are nauseated by clouds of it blown into their faces; while the dance was going on last night, lighted cigars were puffed in the ball-room, and when I retreated this morning from the gallery before the smoke of six in a group of young ladies, I found two in the parlor, and encountered one just inside the dining-room, and felt like the little girl who wanted to learn the commandments and say her prayers, so she could go when she died "where mens didn't spit tobacco on the floor" only I think I would prefer reaching that place in this life.

Among the visitors I notice Judge Ashe of the Supreme Court, Prof. Rheinhardt and family of Thomsville, and Colonel Mimms and family of Georgia. M. B. C.

Old Uncle Mose can be the most solemn old darkey on Galveston Island when there is occasion for it. Yesterday he caught a little milk-and-molasses colored imp toddling out of his garden with his biggest watermelon. Gravely relieving the "light-complected" child of his burden, the old man, with a face longer than his arm, said to the weeping boy: "Tain't your fault, sonny; if you audder don't know nuffin bout one of de ten commandments, she ain't much liable to teach you de rest of em."

Normalite Fan.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]
CHAPPEL HILL, July 17.

EDITOR NEWS: The Normal school indulged in a little recreation last night.

You don't know, probably, anything about an entertainment known among "normalites" as a "walk around." Occasionally the teachers' meeting on Friday night, at the University library, not to dance, but to promenade, or "walk around," as they call it. In spite of a rather common place name, the "walk around" is a most enjoyable affair. Last night the usual order of things was reversed, and it was agreed that the ladies should be allowed to "walk around" the gentlemen. We were to have a "leap year walk around." Accordingly, the ladies sent invitations to the gentlemen, asking the pleasure of escorting them to the hall, &c. In short, the ladies became beaux, and the gentlemen belles. The novelty of the affair drew out a larger crowd than usual, and all seemed to enjoy it hugely.

It was very pleasant to see that the ladies paid particular attention to the elderly gentlemen, not confining themselves to the younger ones, as the gentlemen would probably have done under the same circumstances. Many a fine young fellow had the conceit knocked out of him and was left to grace the walls. Some of the old men were "walked around" so industriously that it became a serious question whether they could stand so much excitement without damage. I don't know the result but dare say that more than one old man slept late this morning and rose with stiff joints. Moral: leap year "walk arounds," at the Normal School are very nice things indeed, but are rather exciting for the average old man, and it is prudent not to have them too often.

A splendid rain fell before last, and the crops are smiling under the effects of the hot sun and moistened earth. Prof. Adney gave the school a talk this morning. We hoped to hear Rev. C. T. Bailey of your city, to-night, but he failed to put in his appearance. We hear he is not well. Hope we will soon have the opportunity of hearing him. X.

A Garfield Campaign Document.

KILL THE CLERK, BUT PAY THE BILL.

[Times, Tribune, &c., &c., of Sunday.] A worthy Southerner was speaking of the distress through which his State had passed. "We lost everything in the world but honor," he said. "Why, Sir, there was Col. Carter, of Cartersville, as high-toned a gentleman as you ever saw. He'd lost everything in the world but his honor. Now, Grant sent a Yankee Postmaster to Cartersville, and one day the Colonel wanted to send a letter to his father in New Orleans, and, as he'd lost everything but honor, he asked the Yankee to trust him for a three cent stamp, and the fellow wouldn't do it, and, of course, the Colonel drew his pistol and shot him dead. And do you know, Sir, it took all the exertions of Judge Bowie and some of our most influential citizens to prevent that thing from coming to a lawsuit?" This is not unlike the narrative of the two Kentuckians at a Chicago hotel. One of them was fiercely disputing the correctness of the bill which the clerk had just presented to him, when the other took him by the arm and said: "Colonel, never forget you are a Kentuckian. Kill the clerk, but pay the bill."

Learning to Swim. [From the Detroit Free Press.] "That's a fact," said Mr. Hopkins as he laid down his paper the other evening, "every man, woman and child in the country ought to know how to swim. No one can tell what minute he will be upset, blown up or knocked overboard. Amanda, I'm going to learn you how to swim."

"Learn me?" queried the wife as she paused in her sewing. "Yes, you. Your life is very precious to me, and I don't want you to lose it because you can't swim ashore when an accident takes place. I can swim like a duck myself, and I feel guilty to think we've been married twenty-one years and yet you'd go to the bottom like a stone if you fell overboard."

"Why, I never had the least fear," she replied. "There is always some hero around to rescue a lady."

"No one wants to depend on heroes. Of course I'd jump into the water to save a lady; but there are lots of men who wouldn't. Stand up, Amanda, and let me give you the motions of swimming. Now, then, put your hands so, push them forward so, take a sweep and bring them back so. See how easy it's done? You mustn't forget to kick every time you move your arms."

She went through the motions several times, but so awkwardly that he called out: "That isn't the way! The motions ought to be perfectly natural." Now imagine that you are out on an excursion."

"You lean over the rail to view some floating object."

"Yes."

"You suddenly grow dizzy and tumble headlong into the river. Now, what motions would you make as you rose to the surface? What would you do?"

"Well, if a hero jumped in after me I'd lean my head on his shoulder like this, and let him put his right arm around my waist and support me until help arrived."

"Hero be hanged! A hero would look nice holding up 190 pounds, wouldn't he?"

"He'd look as nice as you would. I don't believe you could keep your head above water to save your life."

"I couldn't, eh? Then I won't learn you a single stroke about swimming."

"Then you needn't."

"And if any man ever jumps overboard and rescues you I'll punch his head."

"I know I'll have to pay his funeral expenses out of my share of this property."

THE SEAS CROSSED.

[By Cable to the Herald, 18th.]

LONDON, July 17, 1880.—The British Islands have been visited this week by the most fatal and destructive thunder storms on record. The first was experienced at Manchester, on Wednesday. The lightning struck two houses standing on the banks of the River Irwell, completely felling them to the ground. Two men and one lady were killed and it is yet uncertain whether or not there are any more bodies lying in the ruins. At Kings Lynn a whole flock of sheep were killed by lightning on Thursday. At Chester a terrific storm burst over the whole district, killing seven sheep and a number of cows. Forty feet of stone wall was washed entirely away and the hedges were swept clear off by the torrents. At Cork, during a violent storm, a man and several cows were killed. At Leicester the rainfall rose 121 inches. Seen from the museum tower the Soar Valley presented the appearance of a vast lake. Only the tops of the fence rails and hedges were to be seen, while vast quantities of hay, cattle and sheep floated about until extricated. Traffic and railway service were stopped, the floods putting out the fires of the locomotives. Fifteen head of cattle were killed by lightning at Northampton, and the water rose so rapidly that it flowed in at the windows of the houses. Several cattle were drowned, and many hundreds of tons of hay were swept away. During the afternoon a coal hauler was taking two passengers through the flood, when the horse stumbled over a partly demolished wall, and the whole party were precipitated into deep water. Both horse and passengers were drowned and the driver was washed a considerable distance away. He escaped, however, by seizing a tree.

MINIATURE SEAS.

At Swansea no fewer than nine houses were destroyed, some of them being swept entirely away. Hundreds of acres of land, including many hay fields, are entirely submerged. At Tavistock the heavy rain caused the Tavy to overflow its banks and the water rushed into a coal mine where three men were at work. Before an alarm could reach them they were drowned. The metropolis was visited on Wednesday by one of the most violent hail and thunder storms that have occurred this year. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by heavy thunder, vivid lightning, and hailstones as large as cherries. In the market at Harborough boats were plying in the streets, conveying provisions to the imprisoned inhabitants. Two men were drowned. At Loughborough the waters are over the tops of the hedges, and resemble an inland sea. Large numbers of horses, cattle, sheep and pigs have been lost. Farm houses are completely isolated, the highway being in some places six feet under water. At Leicester the railway service was re-opened last night; but the Leeds, Manchester and Liverpool express had a narrow escape from destruction just beyond Lyeon Junction. The embankment is thirty feet high and a viaduct carries the four lines over the brook, where there has been a heavy rush of water. The bridge was apparently all right, but as soon as the guards' van passed it fell with a loud crash into the stream below. The goods and passenger train following the express stopped just in time to prevent it from falling into the yawning gulf. The railway lines are still lying at a depth of four feet. The whole district is one extensive lake.

Tanner in His Caps.

[From the New York Herald, 18th.]

Several days ago this day was set down by the wise ones as a day that would be a certain limit to the endurance of Tanner, the great chameleon; yet when the Herald went to press Tanner was not only in as good a condition as he was when the prophecies were made, but in a distinctly better condition. His revival under the use of water is so far the most curious phenomenon in his experiment; but it is not so incomprehensible as to force the conviction that his increase of weight implies the digestion of food. He had gone to the limit of endurance without either food or water, or on a minimum of water. But as the whole human fabric taken together is about eighty per cent. water—as if all the water were dried out of us not more than twenty per cent. would remain by weight—it follows that water is proportionally important, and that when a man is starved as to food and water he is more starved for water than for food. Consequently when Tanner began to take water, he came up suddenly and gained weight and strength and elasticity, not merely as he would if he had taken meat, but more than he would if he had taken meat, with a scientific perception of all the relations of his case, and this encourages the conviction that he may perhaps go through his allotted period.

Reconstructing a Scalp.

[New York Times, 18th.]

Among the patients in St. Luke's Hospital, Fifty-fourth-street and Fifth-avenue, is a young woman who carries on her head an artificial scalp. It has taken six years to construct this scalp, and it is not entirely complete yet, but for all practical purposes the experiment on the young woman may be said to be at an end. The material for building the scalp has been furnished by hundreds of volunteers, and over 14,000 different pieces have entered into its construction. The woman's name is Lucy Osborn, and she is in her twenty-fifth year. The only disfigurement apparent to the eye was found about the eyes. Her right eyebrow is gone entirely, and the left one is twisted upward and outward. The eyes themselves are elongated sideways, much like those of a Chinaman, but they are soft and pleasant to look upon. She belongs to New-Medford, Conn., and on Sept. 23, 1874, being at that time 19 years of age, was attending to her work in a button factory. Her hair was arranged in long, luxuriant curls, which covered the entire head. In the prosecution of her work she leaned forward toward a revolving shaft, and her curls were caught in the rapidly-turning cylinder. Her face was wrenched down close to the shaft, and the scalp was taken clean off. The skin was peeled off from the bone, taking with it a piece of the integument of the right ear, and leaving but a slight fringe of hair on

the lower part of the back of the head. The new scalp which has been built up for Lucy Osborn is hard, white, and glossy. There are no pores in the tissue, and it can never bear hair.

"Success with Small Fruits."

[From the Burlington Hawkeye.]

"I just rolled out here from the grocery store," said the little green apple as it paused on the sidewalk for a moment's chat with the banana peel; "I am waiting here for a boy. Not a small weak, delicate boy, added the little green apple proudly, "but a great big boy, a great hulky, strong, leather-lunged, noisy fellow, year older, and little as I am you will see me double up that boy to-night, and make him wall and howl and yell. Oh, I'm small, but I'm good for a ten-acre field of boys, and don't you forget it. All the boys in Burlington," the little green apple went on with just a shade of pitying contempt in its voice, "couldn't fool around me as any one of them took around a banana."

"Boys seem to be your game," drawled the banana peel, lazily; "well, I suppose they are just about strong enough to afford you a little amusement. For my own part I like to take somebody of my size. Now here comes the kind of a man I usually do business with. He is large and strong; it is true, but—"

And just then a South Hill merchant who weighs about 231 pounds when he feels right good, came along, and the banana peel just caught him by the foot, lifting him about as high as the awning post, turned him over, banged him down on a potato basket, flattening it out until it looked like a split rod mat, and the shock jarred everything loose in the shoe window. And then while the fallen merchant, from various quarters of the globe, fished his silk hat from the gutter, his spectacles from the cellar, his handkerchiefs from the tree-box, his cane from the shoe window, and one of his shoes from the eaves-trough, and a little boy ran for the doctor, the little green apple brushed and shrank a little back out of sight, soiled with awe and mortification.

"Ah," it thought, "I wonder if I ever do that? Alas, how vain I was as yet how poor and weak and useless I am in this world."

But the banana peel comforted it and bade it look up and take heart, and it well what it had to do, and labor for the good of the cause in its own usual sphere. "True," said the banana peel, "you cannot lift up a two hundred pound man and break a collar door with him, but you can give him the cholera morbus, and if you do your part the world will feel your power and the medical colleges will call you blessed."

And then the little green apple smiled and looked up with grateful blue eyes at the face, and thanked the banana peel for its encouraging counsel. And that very night an old father, who writes thirteen hours a day, and a patient mother who is almost ready to sink from weariness, and a nurse and a doctor sat up until morning with a thirteen-year-old boy, who was as twisted up into the shape of a figure 8 while all the neighbors on that block sat up and listened and pounded their pillows and tried to sleep and wished the boy would either die or get well.

And the little green apple was pleased, and its last words were, "At least I have been of some little use in this great wide world."

New York Court Scenes.

[Herald Reports, 18th.]

Johannah McBride's face was full of defiance and pimples when she turned in upon Justice Kilbreth, in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, and the attitude she took was full of hostile significance.

"Johannah," said His Honor, "you have had a bad night of it. There's much tribulation in Houston street, where you have smashed divers windows, and the widow in the garret, and the cobbler in the basement of your own house are cursing about bumps on their heads as big as goose eggs. You were not a bit kind to them, Johannah."

"Served them right," said the prisoner stoutly.

"And you've torn the officer's coat to tatters."

"I'm sorry I wasn't his eyes, so I am. I'm sorry I wasn't his eyes, so I am. I'm sorry I wasn't his eyes, so I am."

"And your poor husband's in the hospital. You broke a jug over his head. A change came over Johannah. She dropped her arms, and a shade of intense melancholy overspread her countenance.

"What's that you say, sor?" she asked wistfully.

"I say that you mashed a big jug over your husband's head and split it open. That's what you did."

"It wasn't the blue china jug with the bald headed man on it?"

"My impression, Johannah, is that it was that identical vessel, and it cut a goodly wound in your husband's head you could put your fingers in."

The prisoner was deeply moved. She seemed about to break down entirely.

"Ah, this," said she with a sigh, "was afraid I'd do some harm."

"And well you might be," said his Honor. "You've stretched that husband of yours out, depend on it."

Johannah began to sob at this and his Honor relating a trifling detail encouragingly, "I guess, though, he'll be all right in a few days."

"Tisn't that, sor?" blubbered the prisoner

